

## THE OBITUARIST'S GUIDE.

EVERY precaution is now being taken by the Editor of *Willow's Annual* to prevent a mistake similar to that by which the author of *The Shutters of Silence* has been declared to be dead on the strength of the resemblance between the title of that novel and of *The House with the Green Shutters* by the late GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN.

The editorial sanctum is in future to be placarded with some such monitions as those which follow, calculated to check the enthusiasm of the too intrepid necrologist.

It is well to remember that different books whose titles chance to contain the same word are not necessarily from the same pen. Thus *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was not written by Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, although the circumstance that he is the author of *A Roman Singer* might of course naturally lead to that belief.

Kindly do your best to bear in mind that Sir LEWIS MORRIS is not the author of DANTE'S *Inferno*. The *Epic of Hades* was composed on the Metropolitan and District Railways, not among the Tuscan vines.

Abstain if you can from committing the error of supposing that "The Poet's Diary," now appearing in the *National Review*, is from the fountain pen of the late JANE AUSTEN.

Be careful not to be beguiled by partial resemblances, however striking. Although it is true that Sir George Tressady and Sir Richard Calmady are both baronets, and although the last two syllables of the surnames of each are identical, there is no relationship whatever between Colonel ENDERBY's wife and Lady Rosz's daughter.

It is much more comfortable for all concerned not to confound the authors of *The Christian* and *The Master Christian*.



Doctor. "WELL, MRS. MUGGERIDGE, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? TAKEN THE MEDICINE, EH?"  
Mrs. M. "YES, DOCTOR. I'VE TAKEN ALL THE TABLOIDS YOU SENT, AND NOW I WANT A NEW PERSECUTION."

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The gentleman who has written to the *Athenaeum* to endeavour to recover the proofs of a work entitled *The Literature of Swimming*, which he mislaid on the top of an omnibus, is not alone in misfortune. A little while ago the manuscript of an exhaustive monograph on Drought was left on the deck of a submarine, and it has not since been seen. As to *The Literature of Swimming*, one of our representatives having called at the offices of the London General Omni-

bus Company was informed that the proofs were perhaps wisely confiscated by the omnibus driver, with an eye to what will probably be required of him if the present mud continues and we have another summer like the last.

THERE was a young man of Devizes,  
Whose ears were of different sizes;  
The one that was small  
Was no use at all,  
But the other took several prizes.

## ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

*Being a privileged account of an Election at  
THE LADIES' CAVALRY CLUB.*

It was a solemn *séance* composed of martial dames,  
Discussing likely candidates with military claims;  
The doors were doubly bolted; but, through a little bird,  
I am enabled to report exactly what occurred.

The Amazon presiding over the lists of Mars  
Was Lady *SURAH CHOPPER*, of the Eighty-eighth Hussars,  
And she had just put forward the name of *BELLA SQUEERS*,  
Third cousin to a Captain in the "Bounding Buccaneers."

Then spoke a Horse Guard's lady, a welter-weight was she,  
And rode her husband's chargers to hounds at sixteen-three:  
"I ask for information; pray, who is 'Bella Squeers'?"  
And who, by all that's holy, are the 'Bounding Buccaneers'?

"Cavalry of the Line I know; one meets them here and  
there;"

(*"The Liner she's a lady!" observed the angry Chair;*)  
"But if you mean to keep select, you simply can't allow  
The claims of fancy regiments raised Heaven alone knows  
how!"

At this a stout Yeowoman repressed a rising sob,  
And called the previous speaker a horrid, horrid snob;  
And said that if the Junior Arm should fail to get its dues,  
Herself would bar all candidates related to the Blues.

Dare I describe the issue, what language rent the air,  
What sudden transformations took place in people's hair,  
Or how a West Kent's aunt-in-law had both her *pince-nez*  
broke,

And something awful happened to a Kitchen Lancer's toque?

A Colonel's wife ("The Dye-hards") betrayed a natural pique  
On being drenched with coffee all down her dexter cheek,  
And, though of temperate habits and never known to faint,  
Swore frankly like a trooper, and swooned from loss of paint.

I shrink to estimate the cost in limb and even life  
Had not a nervous member screamed, "I disapprove of strife;  
Stop! or I fetch my Father, a noted man of gore,  
Experienced in handling a 'Gyppy' Camel Corps!"

• • • • •  
Great peace ensued. They kissed again, like dear mock-turtle doves,  
Household and Line and Yeomanry, and called each other  
"loves";

And by unanimous consent elected *BELLA SQUEERS*,  
Third cousin to a Captain in the "Bounding Buccaneers."

O. S.

A DISCLAIMER.—We are authorised to state, clearly and emphatically, that Mr. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, speaking as *The Darling of the Gods* and of other parts of the house, absolutely declines to accept the very slightest responsibility for the present unhappy rupture of amicable relations between Russia and Japan. He has looked at matters by the light of the Red Lamp, and tried to bring about a personal meeting between the astute Russian diplomatist who was the principal personage in that play and *Zakkuri*, the Mikado's Minister of State, now on a visit to His Majesty's. Mr. TREE regrets being compelled to declare such contemplated meeting to be absolutely impracticable.

In real life, the London letter-writer on the *Westminster* informs us, the real name of "Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS" is "JOOST M. W. POORTEN-SCHWARTZ." Joost so.

## PICKY BACK.

*(Being the Seventh Passage from the reincarnation of Picklock Holes.)*

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWISS BANKER.

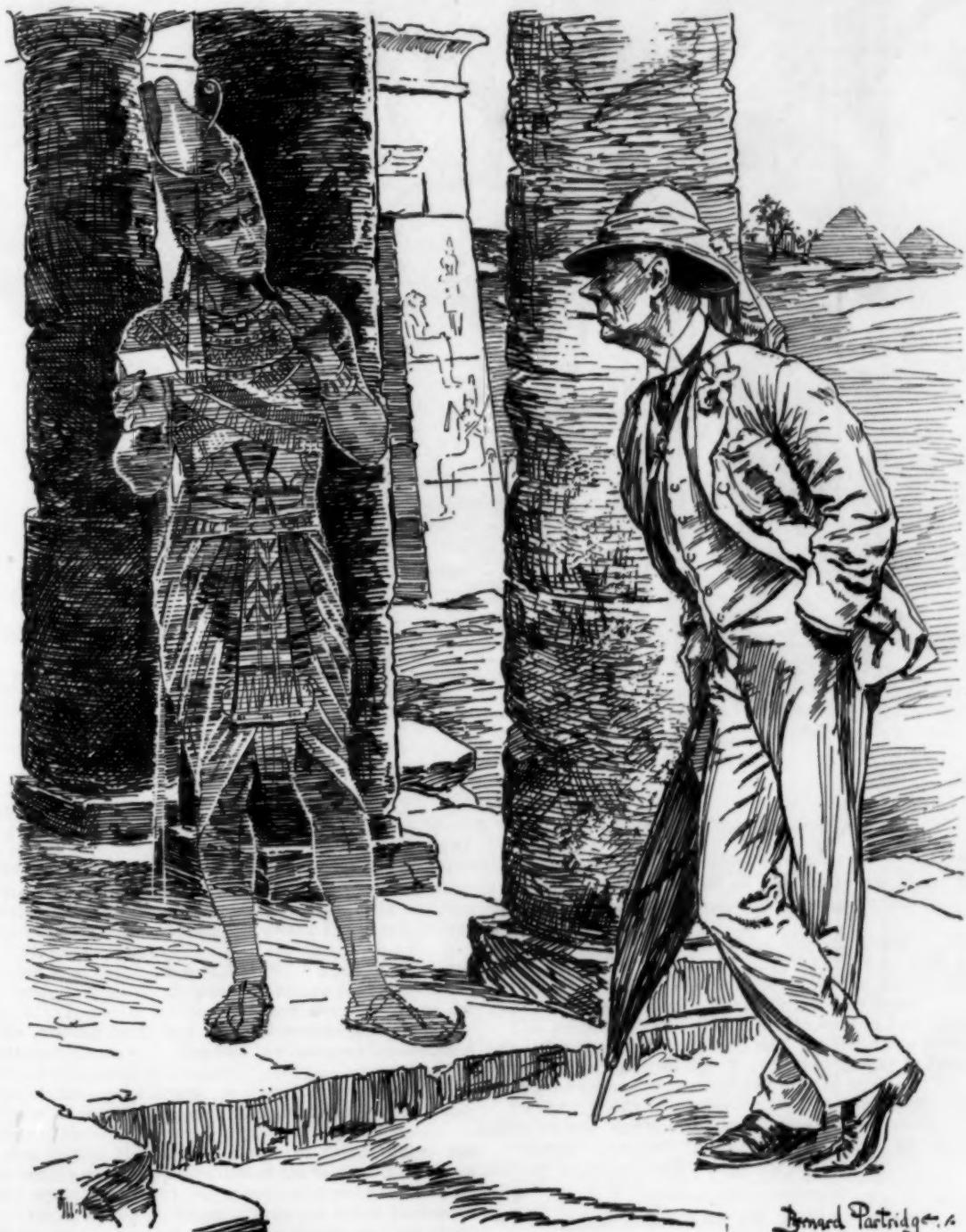
ONE incident—I might almost call it an adventure—which diversified and added zest to the relations between PICKLOCK HOLES and myself is of a character so astounding as to completely and without the possibility of denial cast into the shade all those adventures which my duty to posterity no less than my vehement admiration for our one and only unparalleled detective marvel has hitherto compelled me to narrate. I will now endeavour to set it down, though I am fully aware how inadequate my humble powers of literary composition are to the task of doing justice to one so *primus inter pares* as was (alas! that I should have to use a tense which, as applied to him, is his only imperfection) as was PICKLOCK HOLES.

Much against our will we had temporarily left our comfortable *bourgeois* quarters in Baker Street. It was no easy matter for us, as may well be imagined, to tear ourselves away with so many investigations unfinished. When I say that the shocking murders in the *Rue Morgue*, and the all but inexplicable mystery of MARIE ROGET—affairs which had been so disgracefully bungled by M. DUPIN and Mr. POE of the united Paris and New York police—had been but recently confided to Mr. HOLES, it will be understood that our natural reluctance to depart had become well nigh insuperable. Still, duty is duty, and when the Duke COSIMO DI MONTE CARLO called upon us one day and offered HOLES a year of his ducal income if he would discover the whereabouts of his erring son, the Marchese CASINO DEI ROULETTI, we could no longer hesitate.

Having, therefore, given the landlady strict instructions to keep the Baker Street Rifle Club in full activity and to put any inquirers from the Free Trade Union off the scent, we departed one morning from Charing Cross with two black bags and a guide to polite conversation in four languages, and on the following morning, HOLES as usual taking the lead and driving all the railway engines, we found ourselves deposited in a bright little town on one of the many shores of the Mediterranean. Why we had come to that precise place I know not, nor did I gather its name. It was enough for me that HOLES was my leader. I ought to add that, the better to conceal ourselves and our mission from prying eyes, HOLES had assumed the disguise of a Swiss banker, while I was garbed as his sister, a not unprepossessing lady of forty-five summers, wearing a large hat with plumes and carrying a small yellow reticule suspended by a gold chain from my left wrist. Thus attired nobody could possibly have suspected that it was us, nor, if we could have seen ourselves, could we have imagined that we were other than what we appeared to be.

The scene as we entered what I afterwards learnt was the Ducal Palace was indeed a brilliant one, with its gathering of rank and fashion and beauty and wealth from all the quarters of the globe. HOLES, however, paid no attention to it, but, brushing his way haughtily and inductively past the innumerable obsequious and liveried attendants, he made his way swiftly to a gorgeously decorated inner hall, where crowds of Europe's bluest-blooded aristocracy were mingled with all that America could show of millionaires round numerous large tables on which was proceeding a game that was as obviously moneyed as it was manifestly mysterious.

"POTSON," said HOLES in a tremor of excitement, as we paused before one of these tables, "Potson, do you see that man?" He pointed to an individual decently dressed in black, who was spinning a small ivory ball in a wheel set in the centre of the table. "That, unless I am mistaken—but tush! listen to him."



### JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

SHADE OF PHARAOH. "JOSEPH?—JOSEPH?" I SEEM TO KNOW THE NAME, BUT I CAN'T RECALL YOUR FACE."



## THE IRISH

THE IRISH are a people of mixed origin, their ancestors having been Celts, Romans, Vikings, and Normans. They are a race of great physical strength, and have made many contributions to the world in the fields of literature, art, and science.



FEBRUARY, 1904.

Dealer. "E JUMPS LIKE A CAT, SIR, GALLOPS LIKE A RACE-HORSE—  
Customer. "OH, RATHER ALL THAT! CAN HE SWIM?"

Saying this he pushed me into a chair next to the person in question, at the very moment when the weird phrase "*Renny var ploo*"—the meaning of which I did not understand—fell from his lips.

"Do you hear that?" hissed HOLES. "The last word was 'ploo,' which rhymes to 'you.' Changing the pronoun we get 'I.' The other words you heard are Roumanian for 'am the missing heir,' and the full sentence, therefore, is 'I am the missing heir.' The fool has betrayed himself, and the reward will certainly be ours."

"But, HOLES—" I began.

"Silence, POTSOX," whispered HOLES menacingly. "Silence, and observe me."

At this instant the massive figure of Duke Cosmo was plainly visible on the opposite side of the table. Horror was depicted upon his brow; his mouth was working convulsively. HOLES waited no longer. Taking a roll of banknotes from his pocket he handed them to me, instructing me where to place them. I did as he ordered me, and in a moment the notes were swept away. Again, again, and yet again the same proceeding took place, until at last I heard HOLES say, "The trap is baited. Now for the revelation."

With these words he made his way through the 'crowd, seized the man I have described, and, having ordered me in

a low voice to lay hold of all the money within my reach, shouted out in clear tones so that the whole astonished room could hear:

"Duke, this is your son, the Marquis Cosmo! He has led the life of a *croupier*—this, I have been told, means the life of a rake—but it is yet time for him to reform, and to cast new lustre on the great name he bears."

The excitement and the confusion were at first frightful, but order was at last restored, and the Duke was eventually compelled to acknowledge his son, and to pay to HOLES the stipulated reward of ten million francs in gold.

"POTSON," said HOLES, as he pocketed the sum, "I shall place no less than one hundred francs to your credit."

"HOLES," I sobbed, "you are too generous. To be known as your friend is credit enough for me."

#### ANOTHER CASE OF PRECOGNITION.

MR. WILLIAM SYKES writes:—"An experience of mine will, I think, interest your readers. A little while ago I was, through a misunderstanding and some hard constabulary swearing, sentenced to six months in one of His Majesty's prisons. On entering the cell I was suddenly conscious that I had been there before."

## PHILOSOPHER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

"*Years ago*," confesses Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in *The Fortnightly* for February, "I wrote a piece urging Millionaires to consider if their public benefactions might not be as usefully bestowed on the drama as on libraries and laboratories."

If, as seems a plausible conjecture, the "piece" Mr. HARRISON wrote was a dramatic composition, it is a thousand pities that no Manager has, as yet, had the enterprise to produce it.

Is it possible that the following scene (which has been communicated to *Mr. Punch* "from a usually well-informed source") may be a fragment from this colossal work? Mr. P. himself prefers to express no opinion, merely remarking that the hero's name, "DERFERIC RASHIRON," reads suspiciously like an anagram, while, from internal evidence,—but the scene had better be left to speak for itself.

ACT VII. Sc. 21.—*The Study of Mr. CAMUS K. VOLLMUNDUMPER, the American Multi-Millionaire. Mr. V. discovered at work with a cigar in his mouth.*

*Butler (announcing). Mr. DERFERIC RASHIRON!*

[*Mr. RASHIRON enters. Butler retires.*]

*Mr. Rashiron. Mr. VOLLMUNDUMPER, I come in the hope of enlisting your sympathies on behalf of—*

*Mr. Vollundumper (genially). That's all right, Mr. RASHIRON. Sit right down. Any little thing I can do for you in the nature of a library or a laboratory—*

*Mr. Rash. (sadly). Thanks—but neither would be of any appreciable benefit in this case. I am here, Mr. VOLLMUNDUMPER, to plead the cause of a once great educational instrument, now fallen from her high estate upon evil days.*

*Mr. Voll. (with ready sympathy). Some decayed School-marm? Well, I've never forgotten all I owe to my old School-marm. Say now, Mr. RASHIRON, how would it be if I purchased one of your leading Public Schools as a going concern, and fixed up your on-fortunate client as head-mistress?*

*Mr. Rash. You mistake me. The client I represent is the British Drama.*

*Mr. Voll. You don't mean to say the British Drama is as reduced as all that!*

*Mr. Rash. (impressively). It is suffering from a complaint which afflicts us all—an impatience of continuous attention, of serious thought, of any hitch in our ease, our luxuries, or our indulgences—in brief, a sort of tarantula of restlessness, which makes us skip from one pleasant spot to the next without greatly enjoying any one in peace!*

*Mr. Voll. (concerned). Mr. RASHIRON, if you're feeling so bad as all that, you want to go right home and take a Nerve Tonic. That's what you want to do. You've been using up the grey matter of your brain, Sir!*

*Mr. Rash. (slightly annoyed). When I said we were afflicted in that way, I did not mean Myself—I meant almost everybody else.*

*Mr. Voll. This is an age of Hustle, Sir, and that's a fact. But where does the British Drama come in?*

*Mr. Rash. It doesn't come in—it is going out. I assure you that the People who will sit steadily through three hours of intellectual drama is really very limited.*

*Mr. Voll. I guess that don't astonish me. Three hours on end of intellectual drama would be apt, in my case, to result in considerable cramps.*

*Mr. Rash. It may cramp the body, but it enlarges the mind. However, the modern Playgoer cares for nothing but "Stars," gorgeous robes, and nauseous sensations.*

*Mr. Voll. (interested). Is that so? And among your popular "Stars," Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, Mr. JOHN HARE, Mr. TREE, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Mr. BOURCHIER, and so on, which should you consider was dressing himself up most gorgeous, and providing the most nauseous sensations just now?*

*Mr. Rash. Why—er—to tell you the truth, I haven't had the patience to go and see any of their productions lately. I know that, as Drama, they would be beneath my contempt. I was referring more particularly to the deplorable craze for Musical Comedy.*

*Mr. Voll. Then it's Musical Comedy which supplies the demand for nauseating sensations?*

*Mr. Rash. So I understand from my friend Mr. JOHN HARE. I need hardly say I do not patronise such entertainments myself.*

*Mr. Voll. Well, you seem pretty well posted anyway. But what I don't catch on to at present, Mr. RASHIRON, is just where you imagine I'm going to be of any use to you.*

*Mr. Rash. (eagerly). If you only would, Mr. VOLLMUNDUMPER, you might be the *Herodes Atticus* of a revived Athenian Drama!*

*Mr. Voll. I'm ever so sorry to disappoint you, Mr. RASHIRON, but I never had any gift for play-acting. I guess if I was to make my *début* on the boards in an Athenian drama, I shouldn't get bouquets flung at me—not to any great extent. Besides, I've no opinion of these old Athenian writers. I once dipped into *Homer* in a translation—but I couldn't get along with him. No, Sir!*

*Mr. Rash. (pained). I am not asking you to act in a theatre, my dear Mr. VOLLMUNDUMPER. I merely ask you to endow one.*

*Mr. Voll. Is that your idea? But what am I going to endow a theatre for?*

*Mr. Rash. Why, to enable it to produce a constant succession of all the great British masterpieces that have been undeservedly forgotten, and make it independent of the cash taken at the doors.*

*Mr. Voll. I reckon that item would be a negligible quantity anyway.*

*Mr. Rash. Possibly. Then we should put an end to the detestable 'Long runs' which are almost forced upon Managers nowadays by our five or six million playgoers. We should give no play for more than two or three nights together.*

*Mr. Voll. Not even if all those five or six million playgoers were yearning to come and see it? That does sound harsh! I presume you have a sufficient stock of forgotten British masterpieces to enable you to worry along for a year or so at three nights apiece?*

*Mr. Rash. We need not depend entirely on the Past. If one of our leading playwrights were to offer us a drama that struck us as possessing sufficient merit, we should not be unwilling to produce it.*

*Mr. Voll. And may I take it your leading playwrights are all in revolt against this detestable 'long run' system?*

*Mr. Rash. I have received assurances of sympathy from no less than five of our principal dramatists, who would, I am sure, all consider it an honour to have their works performed on such a stage as ours, quite apart from any sordid pecuniary considerations.*

*Mr. Voll. They'd rather have a three nights' run with you than a year at the ordinary playhouses? Well now, that's very creditable to them! And who are going to perform in these dramas?*

*Mr. Rash. A cultivated and highly trained company, engaged at small permanent salaries, with a perpetual interchange of parts.*

*Mr. Voll. And will they be equal in talent to the ordinary popular theatrical "Stars"?*

*Mr. Rash. Equal? The additional experience they will acquire will soon render them infinitely superior.*

*Mr. Voll. And yet they'll stay on with hard work and small salaries, and never want to set up as Stars on their own account? I'd no idea such beautiful natures existed, Mr. RASHIRON! Seems a pity, though, there'll be no Public to appreciate their self-denial.*

*Mr. Rash.* No Public? Out of five or six million playgoers! My dear Sir!

*Mr. Voll.* I understood you to remark that these five or six million playgoers were skipping about so under the influence of bites from restless tarantulas they can't give their attention to anything but nauseous sensations?

*Mr. Rash.* That unhappily is so. But an Endowed Theatre will educate them to appreciate the Intellectual Drama.

*Mr. Voll.* But they've got to come to it first to be educated. And they ain't likely to come till they are. That's where the sawdust seems to me to sort of trickle out of your scheme, Sir.

*Mr. Rash.* Putting that aside, is there no glory in being the very first philanthropist to endow a theatre? Is it nothing to feel secure of the applause of Posterity?

*Mr. Voll.* I guess you can't fill a playhouse with the applause of Posterity. It appears to me that a verry essential requisite to an endowed theatre, with a permanent company on permanent salaries, is a permanent audience. And I don't just seem to see that permanent audience.

*Mr. Rash.* I have a list here of distinguished people who have signed an appeal for a Subsidised Stage, most of whom, I should say, would probably attend its performances. (*Proudly*) The signatories number over seventy already.

*Mr. Voll.* Quite a nice little crowd, Mr. RASHION! But say, don't you think they'd feel a bit lonesome inside a palatial subsidised playhouse? What's the matter with inducing your friends to club together for themselves and endow some suitable back-drawing-room? . . . .

[The remainder of this scene is unfortunately missing.

F. A.

#### VANISHING CHANCES.

[Speaking of the new Defence Act, under which the State is in certain cases to bear the cost of defending prisoners, Mr. Justice BIGHAM, at the Manchester Winter Assizes, was tempted to regret the various steps by which our legislation had gradually taken away from the unfortunate prisoner every chance of escape.]

THERE was once a time when Justice was more merciful by far, And, if blinder, she was kinder to the prisoner at the bar, For she bade him stand in silence while the tear-drops in his eyes

Mutely glistened as he listened to the prosecutor's lies. There is nothing like dumb sorrow in the rhetorician's art For appealing to the feeling of a jury's tender heart: So the culprit wept his hardest, looked a martyr, and in short He was pitied and acquitted by a sympathetic Court.

Then said Justice, "Give him counsel if he's got the means to pay,"

And she surely meant it purely in the very kindest way; So the culprit was defended and his case could set no more Legal science at defiance as it used to do before.

But his counsel still could argue, "Lo! my client's lips are shut.

Could you hear him, you'd revere him as an injured martyr, but—"

And the aposiopesis might be calculated to Rob the jury of their fury and to bring the culprit through.

Next said Justice, after pondering the problem in her breast— Need I mention her intention was entirely for the best?—

"Let the prisoner summon witnesses to strengthen his defence, If he fancies there are chances thus to prove his innocence." So the witnesses were summoned to the sessions, as you know; They were flustered, and they blustered, and they made a sorry show;

Even jurymen saw through them, their offences were so rank, So their fictions brought convictions and the prisoner's chances sank.



#### THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"ONE HUNDRED PENNY CIGARS. THAT WILL BE EIGHT-AND-FOURPENCE, PLEASE, MADAM."

"THANK YOU. NOW WILL YOU JUST PUT THEM IN A FLOR DE CUBA BOX; BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY SORT MY HUSBAND REALLY CARES FOR!"

Yet again said gentle Justice, "I will let him speak himself, Nor restrict him, hapless victim, to a tongue that pleads for pelf."

So she took away the muzzle which was seldom known to fail, And his stammer went to hammer in his coffin one more nail; But he still could tell the jury, "I am poor and cannot pay Huge expenses for defences as a richer person may"— "Twas the only trump-card left him, but it even yet might win On occasion his evasion from the consequence of sin.

Then a last time kindly Justice: "Never, never let it be Said or written that in Britain I'm a thing of £ s. d. Let the State provide him counsel, let her stick at no expense To befriend him and defend him with the rarest eloquence." Cruel kindness! for no longer as a victim can he pose Of a system which dismissed him undefended to his woes— When he's every opportunity, the chance that's left him still Of acquittal, lately little, now is practically nil.

#### Stage Actuality.

SCENE—*His Majesty's Theatre during an Interval.*

*First Stalled Lady.* Isn't it wonderfully realistic? I can't think how any critic can say it's not like the actual thing.

*Second Stalled Lady.* Nor can I. And a friend of mine who is just back from the Far East says that Mr. TREE has quite caught the Japanese accent.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If Mr. JAMES MACLAREN COBAN had bestowed a trifle more care on construction when developing the well-imagined plot of *The Iron Hand* (JOHN LONG), he would have given us a story, not less absorbing, but far easier to follow through its various scenes. Pity that to this author it should be so difficult to keep out of his romance a kind of inferior *Sherlock Holmes*, instead of taking the trouble to invent a brand-new type exactly suited to his purpose. The characters are well devised, the dialogue is generally to the point; and the action throughout stimulates the reader's curiosity.

In *The American Prisoner* (METHUEN) Mr. EDW PHILLPOTTS makes a new departure from the novels that have justly established his fame. It and they have in common the plains and hills of Dartmoor and the vigorous life of Dart. In his latest work Mr. PHILLPOTTS has essayed a more elaborate plot, which takes longer in working out, and demands fuller muster of *dramatis personæ*. My Baronite cannot say it lures him from his early love, *The River*. But it is a masterful book, grounded upon historical interest, full of dramatic episodes, enriched by the talk of rustics recalling THOMAS HARDY at his best. One of the strongest characters is *Lovey Lee*, the gipsy miser with a capacity for miscellaneous crime perhaps not rare in woman. *Peter Noreot* is another type of villain drawn with strong sure hand. Apart from rustic humour the sombreness of the story is relieved by the nobility and self-sacrifice displayed by the half-gipsy youth, *John Lee*. In sternly realistic manner the narrative recalls scenes in Merrie England during the time of the titanic struggle with NAPOLEON.

To their series of *Highways and Byways* Messrs. MACMILLAN have added a volume on Sussex. Mr. E. V. LUCAS supplies the letterpress, which is charmingly and liberally illustrated by Mr. FREDERICK GRIGGS. The work is less a guide-book than prattle, light but learned, about the districts dealt with. As Mr. LUCAS puts it in happy phrase, his aim has been rather to gather a Sussex bouquet than to present facts to the prosaic traveller. The result is a charming volume. My Baronite fancies the next best thing to going on a little tour through Sussex is to sit down and read Mr. LUCAS's chat about its highways and byways, the eye dwelling with pleasure on the sketches of Mr. GRIGGS.

Thoroughly appreciating the lightness of touch and the delicacy of humour that are the characteristics of Mr. ARCHER's journalistic work, the Baron hailed with pleasure the appearance of a volume from his pen entitled *Real Conversations* (HEINEMANN), to which he expected to find some sub-title qualifying the descriptive adjective. But he was disappointed: it turns out to be a plain though not very simple record of his dialogues with various persons, most of whose names are as household words to all who, in England at least, are in any way conversant with literature and drama. Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER pays twelve visits and (alas, the word!) "interviews" twelve different persons, each one in his own home. We know now what Mr. ARCHER says when he calls upon Mr. PINERO, how he commences a conversation with Mrs. CRAIGIE or with Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and how pleased Mr. W. S. GILBERT appears to have been to receive the genial interviewer at his country house: and so with all his other smiling victims. Well, this sort of thing is a matter of taste; as JEREMY BENTHAM puts it, "it may not be my taste nor your taste, but I have no right to condemn it as bad taste." The last (but one or two) of the Barons, is content to let it rest at this; and

personally he will rejoice to hear the last of "The Last of the Interviewers."

L. T. MEADE's story of *Nurse Charlotte* (JOHN LONG) is pathetically interesting, and told with charming simplicity. The Baron takes it for granted that the author's graphic sketches of Hospital work (which, as being quite free from anything approaching false sentimentality, are neither particularly attractive nor peculiarly repellent) are true to life. If so, the moral of this portion of the story will serve an excellent purpose.

THE

BARON



B.-W.

## NOTE ON A RECENT APPOINTMENT.

THERE was a French piece produced some few years ago entitled *Les Deux Gosses*, played at the *Ambigu*, a theatre nominally most appropriate for its production, there being evidently a certain ambiguity about the title. Of course, there never were *Deux Gosses*—il n'y en a qu'un, and that is EDMUND GOSSE, author of, amongst some twenty volumes of prose and verse, "*Gosse sips in a Library*," so suggestive of not drinking too deep of the Pierian spring; and now, having been appointed Librarian to the House of Lords, he will be able to indulge to the full his thirst for knowledge. For his rare wit and humour Mr. GOSSE was created a Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, the patron, as the sound of the name implies, of merriment. Mr. GOSSE speaks French like a Frenchman, English like an Englishman, German as well as a German, and in various other languages he can lecture, converse, write poetry and prose. And with all these accomplishments his taste is purely Gossemopolitan.

## LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

## THE NEW ARMY COUNCIL.

SCENE I.—*The ante-room to the Council Chamber at the Horse Guards. The Four Military Members are chatting together rather nervously.*

*First Member.* Everything is to be after the strict Admiralty pattern, I understand. I do hope we shall not be asked to go to sea in the *Enchantress*.

*Second Member.* I trust not; I suffer very severely from *mal de mer*. I have had an anchor tattooed on my forearm to give local colour, and am using a strap with my overalls instead of braces in order to hitch them up occasionally. I trust that will give the necessary seafaring touch to my appearance.

*Third Member* (*producing a telescope*). I have brought this with me to carry under my arm. I have never seen any distinguished sailor painted without one.

*Fourth Member.* I proposed to rub my hands this morning with a pennyworth of tar and to chew a quid, but my wife dissuaded me.

*First Member.* We shall smoke long churchwardens and drink hot rum-and-water, I presume.

*Second Member.* I think that is only done in *Black-eyed Susan*.

*Third Member.* A great command of nautical language is no doubt necessary.

*Fourth Member.* I have memories of some of MARRYAT's novels.

[A Messenger attired as a Margate Pier Official appears, touches his cap and tells the Four Military Members



## BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Governess. "WELL, MARJORIE, HAVE YOU DONE CRYING?"  
Marjorie. "No—I HAVEN'T. I'M ONLY RESTING!"

DAVID WILSON  
D.W.C.

that the Secretary of State awaits them in the State Cabin. The Fourth Member says "Ay, ay" feebly, and they follow the Messenger through the door.

SCENE II.—The interior of the Council Chamber, which is decorated with stars of cutlasses, chain shot, captured naval ensigns, handspikes and coils of rope. The Secretary of State for War, in a frock-coat with epaulettes stitched on to it, a patch over one eye, and a cocked hat with skull and cross-bones on it, sits at the head of a long table with a cutlass, a sextant, and a book of Admiralty Regulations before him. The Financial Secretary and Permanent Under-Secretary, similarly disguised, sit at the other end.

Secretary of State (as the Military Members enter). Ship ahoy! Bring yourselves to an anchor, my brave lads.

First Member. Ay, ay, Mate. I'll pick up my moorings here. [He sits.

Secretary of State (to Second Member). Go under the Under-Secretary's stern and haul up alongside here.

Second Member. Ay, ay. England expects that every man— Ay, ay, Sir.

[Sits.

Secretary of State. You other sons of sea cooks sling your hammocks where you like.

Third Member. Then we'll bring up with a round turn where we are.

[They sit.

Secretary of State. How many bells have gone?

Permanent Under-Secretary. Eight, your honour.

Secretary of State. Make it so! (With change of manner) Gentlemen, you will pardon me if my nautical language fails me, but I have a horror of the sea and all appertaining to it. However, with the assistance—the kind assistance—of the experts who secured the NELSON statuette, I have transformed this room into an exact model of the Admiralty Board Room, and I congratulate you on your striking resemblance to Lords of the Admiralty.

[The Members rise and bow.

First Member. We reciprocate your sentiments unanimously.

Secretary of State. We shall naturally proceed at once to remodel the Army on the lines of the Navy.

Third Member. I would suggest that Army Corps should be hereafter known as Fleets.

Fourth Member. A General transmuted

to an Admiral will *ipso facto* become an efficient officer.

Second Member. And the substitution of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" for "The British Grenadiers" will enable Tommy the Handy Man to go anywhere and do anything.

Secretary of State. The Hornpipe will of course be taught both at Sandhurst and at Woolwich, and I have instructed the Clothing Department at Pimlico in future to cut the biennial issue of trousers tight at the knee and loose over the shoe. I feel sure that the paeon of delight with which the country has received the conversion of the War Office into an Admiralty will be repeated if we can only make of the Army a first-class Steam Reserve. Now to details.

[They become absorbed in details.

LATEST FROM THE FAR EAST.—It is semi-officially stated that as a result of her efforts to obtain an ice-free outlet Russia has already succeeded in getting into warm water, but is still searching for the way out.

SPORTING MOTTO.—"Give a fox a bad name and hunt him."



*Loafer.* "WOULD YOU KINDLY GIMME A SUBSCRIPTION, MADAM, FOR A SOCIETY AS I BELONGS TO?"  
*Lady.* "WHAT'S THE SOCIETY?"

*Loafer.* "IT'S—ER—WELL, IT'S A PUBLIC SOCIETY. WE ENTERS 'OUSES, MADAM, FOR THE PURPOSE O' PUTTIN' DOWN THE DRINK."

#### SYMPATHISING WITH JAPAN.

EVERYONE is, or ought to be, praising "the plucky little Japs." No one, not even the *New York Herald* writers, could admire the methods of government and diplomacy which prevail in Russia. But the idiots in a provincial theatre, who hissed some quite inoffensive performers because they were Russians, were sublime in their stupidity. If our neutrality, combined with reasonable personal sympathy for Japan, is to be displayed in this manner, we may soon expect to read such items of news as the following:—

A fearful scene was witnessed yester-

day evening at the Amphitryon Restaurant. One of the diners ordered some caviare. The waiter explained that caviare was no longer served. The gentleman complained to the head waiter, who offered him Japanese rice instead. By this time the dispute had attracted the attention of the other diners, who rose in a body. When peace was restored, the unfortunate gentleman was rescued from a position of great discomfort under a broken table, and proved not to be a Russian at all, but a Mr. JOHN ROBINSON of London.

Yesterday a lady walking in the Park was followed by a hooting crowd. The

police, after repeatedly charging the mob, saved her from attack. It was then discovered that she was supposed to be wearing a mantle of Russian sable. However, when she explained that it was only imitation, and almost certainly made in London, the crowd cheered her loudly and dispersed.

A bootmaker's shop in Oxford Street was entirely wrecked the night before last. Just as the magistrates were about to send for the military and read the Riot Act, the cause of the tumult was explained. It appeared that a pair of brown boots in the window was labelled "Best Russia." A passer-by, assuming these words to imply the superiority of the Muscovite Empire, for he was too excited to notice the boots, raised a cry of indignation, and the building was almost completely wrecked before the mistake was made clear.

A gentleman of studious appearance, and wearing spectacles, was yesterday observed to be reading the English translation of a novel by Tolstoi in a District Railway train. The other occupants of the compartment nearly tore his clothes off his back, and threw him out on the platform at South Kensington station. It was then found that he was a schoolmaster at Ealing, and not a Russian professor, as was supposed.

The establishment of a provision merchant and grocer at Brixton was burnt down yesterday evening, after an extraordinary outbreak of popular violence. It appears that he sold eggs at various prices, and that a customer, who had bought some of the cheapest quality, stated publicly, or in a public-house, that they were imported from Russia. About seven hours later, in the early hours of the morning, when the building was entirely gutted, and the mob was kept back by the infantry drawn up at the end of all the neighbouring streets, the grocer was able to prove, to the satisfaction of the police authorities, that the eggs were new-laid and came from Canada.

Without waiting for the Borough Council to take action, the residents in St. Petersburgh Place, Bayswater, fearing popular violence, have removed all the inscriptions of the name in that street, and have substituted the words "Tokio Terrace."

#### A New Vogue.

*Lady Caller.* Is Mrs. HAMILTON at home?  
*Maid.* No, Mum.

*Lady Caller.* But I thought this was her "at home" day.

*Maid.* So it used to be, Mum, but she's had no time for it since she took up Cruelty to Children.



"CATCH AS CATCH CAN."

RUSSIAN BEAR. "HERE! I SAY, AVAST HEAVING! I WASN'T READY!"

to the world

in the name of Christ

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday night, February 8.*—Have often observed that depth of dulness is plumbed in Commons when it enters upon debate with long preparation. Here we are at last unmuzzled, as Mr. G. said when in an earlier century he, thrown out at Oxford University, went down to Lancashire. Last Session none of us dared open our mouth on the Fiscal Question under pain of PRINCE ARTHUR's shocked displeasure. Members grew accustomed to beholding sudden transformation. One moment he would be sitting smiling, debonair, on Treasury Bench. Someone, greatly daring, asked him what Ministers were going to do about DON JOSE's scheme of Fiscal Reform. Instantly transmogrification took place. Secret was disclosed that behind a smiling countenance PRINCE ARTHUR hid an angry face. His anger was terrible to look upon.

By and by it became the practice of Members about to put the question to assume a position equivalent to being in laager. On the Opposition side the brothers WASON found themselves in singular request. At question time their company was sought with a pertinacity that became embarrassing. No one is quite certain which is the loftier height. Clackmannan claims pre-eminence for EUGENE; Orkney and Shetland swear (in Gaelic) for CATHCART. However that be, there is historical record that united height of Bounding Brothers is 12 ft. 6 ins. and their aggregate weight 36 stone 5 lbs. avoirdupois. To whatever lengths PRINCE ARTHUR's anger might carry him, howsoever his eyes might flash, his brow frown, a man firing off a question about Fiscal Policy entrenched behind either WASON was physically safe.

These little manoeuvres no longer necessary. Yester year, driven into a corner by DON JOSE's activity, having, as he frankly admitted, no settled convictions on question of Fiscal Reform, PRINCE ARTHUR hit upon happy device of appointing departmental committee of inquiry. It was a sort of Vehmgericht, meeting in secret. Few knew where, not many could repeat the names of the Members composing it. What the House of Commons knew only too well was that as long as this dread inquest was going forward no Member must speak of Fiscal Reform in hearing of Prime Minister.

Little game now played out. Embargo removed; the most inconsiderable Member may say "Fiscal Reform" without danger of losing his head. Nay, amendments may be moved and Ministers are boldly challenged to declare on which side of the fence they mean to descend. It is true that, owing to accidents all deplore, there is no one



"HEAR, HEAR!" FROM THE DUKE.

"Mr. Chamberlain possesses in marked and peculiar degree the genius of friendship."

to reply. Let us be thankful for small mercies. It is at least something to have regained the privilege of being allowed to ask.

It must be confessed that the Millennium has brought not ecstasy but depression. Already on this, the first, night of the far-trumpeted advance in battle array, Members on both sides are yawning and wondering when it will be over. Only interesting feature in to-night's debate was to watch ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS trying to walk on both sides of the way. An avowed Free Trader, he cannot enrol himself under the flag unfurled by DON JOSE. JOHN MORLEY's amendment, before the House to-night, is aimed directly at the twentieth-century Unauthorised Programme. But, being cast in the form of an amendment to the Address, it is technically a vote of no confidence in Ministers. If carried, they must go, and C.-B. would march in.

Now ST. MICHAEL has a horror of C.-B. that finds no justification in that much-abused statesman's character or career. To the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer he is what the historical sherry, advertised as an antidote to gout, was to Lord

DENBY's grandfather. As between C.-B. and Protection St. MICHAEL has tried both and prefers Protection. So, having extorted applause from the Opposition by hesitating dislike of DON JOSE's policy, he sat down amid ringing cheers from Ministerialists hailing his declaration that he would vote against the amendment which denounced it.

*Business done.*—Debate on Fiscal Reform duly opened.

*Tuesday night.*—Except the MEMBER FOR SARK and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD few Members in present House were present at the historic scene when Major O'GORMAN made his maiden speech. It was *à propos* of NEWDEGATE's annual motion relating to conventional institutions. Desirous of enabling his audience to realise enormity of proposition the Major attempted to sink his thunderous voice to a feminine whisper, put on mincing manner, and related imaginary conversation between a Nun of Royal birth and one of NEWDEGATE'S inquisitors.

Said the Nun (according to the Major), "My sire is a king; my mother was the daughter of the sixth JAMES of



THE MARIONETTES AT LOGGERHEADS.

In the absence of the master-hand the wires would appear to have got a bit mixed, and the figures are all dancing different steps.  
(Mr. G-r-id B-lf-r and Mr. Alfr-d L-tt-lt-n.)

Scotland and the first JAMES of England. His mother, Sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland—”

The Major climbed no higher up the genealogical tree. Laughter grew so boisterous the Nun was inaudible, even when she roared in the Major's natural voice.

Since that far-off time—it was thirty years ago next June—House has heard nothing more delicious than ROWLAND HUNT's speech. Don't know the gentleman; never saw him before; evidently a recent importation; certainly his maiden speech; carefully prepared, fully written out, read with unction. First thing that attracted House was emphasis with which, after consulting MS., he declaimed the line, “Hope springs eternal in the human breast.” Seem to have heard it before. Quite new to HUNT, who looked round searchingly to see how the novelty struck Members.

“I know a man,” he added a few minutes later. This not unusual in individual cases. Long, anxious pause followed, HUNT looking up his man through disarranged leagues of manuscript. House, now on the alert, eagerly awaited introduction. And what a man he was when found! Had set forth on a voyage, whether to Southend or more distant Margate not mentioned. On the voyage a great change was wrought. Stepping on board a Free Trader, the starry silent firmament, the illimitable, inscrutable sea, the changed circumstances of his sordid life, worked a miracle.

He came back a convinced Chamberlainite.

This impressive. MR. HUNT could be

sarcastic too. His voice vibrated with scorn when he pictured “the spirit of the mighty COBDEN, quitting his home in some distant star, returning to earth to find his ancient foibles no longer predominant.”

Climax reached in passage almost a paraphrase of Major O'GORMAN's glowing prose.

“Seated under one of England's mighty oaks,” observed MR. HUNT, turning over a fresh page, “was an ancient Druid. There came by BOADICIA, Briton, Warrior, Queen, her back seared with the Roman lash.”

BOADICIA's remarks and the Druid's rejoinder were unfortunately lost in the prolonged shout of laughter that followed. MR. HUNT, looking up over the rim of his manuscript, regarded uproarious scene with curious interest. What on earth were they laughing about? Couldn't imagine. However, this was the prize passage in his essay; cost him a lot of work. They should have it all. So he pounded along, mixing up the Druid with COBDEN, BOADICIA with DON JOSÉ, whilst Members rolled on their seats in paroxysm of laughter.

*Business done.*—Further debate on JOHN MORLEY's amendment.

*Friday night.*—That was high praise, finely phrased, that JOHN MORLEY bestowed upon DON JOSÉ. “He possesses in marked and peculiar degree the genius of friendship.” *Experientia docet.* J. M., as he said, has known DON JOSÉ during half a lifetime, and has within that period had opportunity of testing friendship's varying moods. As COUNTY GUY discovered when he differed from his Unionist

ally on the question of Free Trade, adhesion to DON JOSÉ's views at a particular epoch is indispensable to maintenance of friendly relations.

With that reservation the tribute paid in the House on Tuesday night was well deserved. Relentless as an enemy, DON JOSÉ is priceless as a friend. He will do anything, and, what is sometimes even more valuable, will insist upon others doing something, for faithful adherents. There is a touch of pathos in his relations, running back for more than thirty years, with the late POWELL WILLIAMS and the happily still living JESSE COLLINGS.

“My dear Toby,” he once said to me, “you may gird at me as you like; say what you please. I don't care. But I do beg you as a personal favour not to hold up to ridicule JESSE COLLINGS or POWELL WILLIAMS.”

Rarely has friendship laid on a coffin so costly a garland as was placed on that of POWELL WILLIAMS by the hand of a statesman who on the Continent is regarded as a sort of man-eating ogre, who by a large section of the public at home is looked upon as a relentless, adamantly-hard, self-seeking politician, eager only to serve his own ends, relentless in trampling down any who stray in the way. On the eve of a great Parliamentary battle, where he alone had skill and strength to withstand a combined attack personally directed against him, eager as ever for the delight of battle, conscious of the value of this last opportunity of defining and defending his position, he withdrew



ANOTHER UNCONSCIOUS HUMORIST.

“Seated under one of England's mighty oaks, Mr. Speaker, was an ancient Druid—”  
(Screams of laughter.)  
(Mr. R-wl-nd H-nt.)

**LOGIC.**

Sedat Party. "WHAT! NO ROOM! AIN'T THAT MAN JUST OUT? IF PEOPLE CAN GET OUT, PEOPLE CAN GET IN!"

from the fight, shrinking from breaking the silence of his old friend's newly-dug grave by the brawl of political faction.

There is nothing novel or surprising in this for those who know Don José behind the veil of private life. It will, I fancy, strike an unexpected chord in the public breast.

*Business done.*—Still harping on the MORLEY amendment.

#### CHARIVARIA.

UNIVERSAL indignation is expressed in Russia that Japan should have commenced hostilities without consulting Russia as to whether the date was a convenient one.

War is a very terrible thing, but I fancy we all agree with the *Daily Mail*, that better war than that the *Daily Mail's* forecast as to the inevitability of the conflict should have proved wrong.

A correspondent complains of the difficulty of getting hold of a Japanese flag. The Russians are experiencing a similar difficulty.

The CZAR has been kissed by a large body of naval cadets. Our natural prejudice in favour of our own allies still leaves us some humane feelings for the other side, and we therefore proffer to His Majesty our respectful sympathy.

The latest war news is that Holland will be neutral, also Switzerland, and that Monaco and Sahara will, of course, play the game.

It seems to be the eternal misfortune of Russia to be misunderstood. The Blue Book on Tibet which has just been published shows that a Russian Mission to that country, as to which our Government had its suspicions, proved on inquiry at St. Petersburg merely to have been sent to convey the hope that the DALAI LAMA was very well to-day.

An Alien has bequeathed £300,000 to the London hospitals. A Desirable Alien.

Mr. REDMOND is stated to have asked for a day to be set apart for the discussion of the Cause of the Deterioration in Limericks.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has been asking a question in the House to show his disapproval of the wholesale destruction of stores by the military authorities at Durban. That other anxious inquirer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had a regrettable experience at St. Albans (Herts), holds



FRENCH TOURIST, ON A VISIT TO LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME, MAKES A NOTE IN HIS POCKET-BOOK OF THE NAME OF THE STREET IN WHICH HIS HOTEL IS SITUATED.

that, if there were any eggs among the stores, the destruction was entirely justifiable.

An aged Malay trader, on trial for attempted murder at Capetown, confessed to having had twenty-seven wives. The fact was mentioned in mitigation of punishment.

We would respectfully draw the attention of *Truth* to a disgraceful case of 5,200 per cent. per annum being charged in respect of a loan. A small boy borrowed a penny, and the lender—another boy—made it a condition that the borrower should pay him twopence for it at the end of a week.

"Spring hats have already made their appearance," says a writer on "Dress and Fashion." For ourselves we cannot imagine a lady looking attractive in a Gibus.

A Cardiff gentleman has issued a sheet entitled, "How to tell the time by the stars to the fifth of a second every night for ever and ever." A rival publication is promised which will give the same information for ever and ever and ever.

The *World* has come to the conclusion that Woman is not clubable. We thought that it had always been conceded that it is bad form to hit a woman.

#### "PLAIN LIVING."

"*Quite Serious*," in the *Daily Mail*, writes on the subject of University allowances:—"I should like to say that many undergraduates are living respectably and comfortably on £700 a year—certainly at the smaller colleges." *Mr. Punch* has received the following additional letters on this subject:

SIR.—You will be surprised to learn that last year I only overdrew my father's allowance to me, of £650 a year, by £400. After this can it be honestly said that the old Universities are expensive? My father is a country parson, and has only nine sons. *Verbum suff.*, as we say in the "Little Go."

Yours, &c.,  
ECONOMY IN SMALL THINGS.

SIR.—I am glad this correspondence has been opened. It will do good. Undergrads at the Varsity are needlessly swindled. Thus my tailor's account in my first year for fancy waistcoats was £47. I determined to economise, and found in my second year that my bill for the same necessity only touched £43 10s., and for that sum I obtained sixteen of them. This saving involved hardly any deprivation.

Yours, &c., CAREFUL.

SIR.—The question entirely hangs on the style of motor-car you go in for. Personally I have found that keeping the hobby within due limits and only having three of them considerably decreases one's expenses. One can hardly include the initial outlay of £1870 as an annual expense. I give an epitome of my last year's expenditure at College. It will show how a young man of simple tastes may live, if he wishes, comparatively cheaply.

	£	s.	d.
Clothes . . . . .	118	10	0
Chauffeur's wages . . . . .	93	12	0
Repairs to Motor-cars . . . . .	277	8	0
Petrol . . . . .	32	2	0
Private Dinners . . . . .	101	10	11
Wine bill . . . . .	69	2	0
Tobacconist's bill . . . . .	82	7	4
Subscription to drag . . . . .	30	0	0
Occasional visits to Town . . . . .	233	8	0
Proctor's fines . . . . .	17	13	4
Private coaching for "Little Go" ( <i>this might easily be sacrificed</i> ) . . . . .	9	9	0
			2 7
	£1065		

Yours, SIMPLICITY.

P.S.—This excludes a few misfortunes I had in Turf matters.

## MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XI.—CAN MILLIONAIRES LIVE ON £250  
A YEAR?

SCENE—*The Mint.*

PRESENT :

*Lord Burnham (in the Chair).*  
*Sir Ernest Cassel.*  
*Sir Thomas Lipton.*  
*Mr. Pierpont Morgan.*  
*Mr. Bradley Martin.*  
*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.*  
*Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.*  
*Mr. L. G. Lozzo Money.*  
*Mr. Rockefeller.*

*Lord Burnham.* Gentlemen, I recently read in an American paper that Senator WIGGS of Oklahoma had declared that no self-respecting citizen ought to have more than 1000 dollars a year. Coming so close upon Mr. JOHN BURNS's famous dictum that no man's services were worth more than £500 a year, this statement has naturally created a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. I have therefore convened this meeting to discuss the question, which is bound to throw a flood of light on the Fiscal controversy,—Is it possible to live on £250 a year?

*Mr. Rockefeller.* I think the advantages of a strictly limited income are greatly overlooked. Think of the pleasure of being exempt from begging letters.

*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.* Or from the necessity of founding free libraries.

*Mr. Pierpont Morgan.* Or from putting your trust in steel.

*Sir Thomas Lipton.* Or from yachting.

*Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.* Or from gilt-edged food. Personally, I should prefer a cup of cocoa at the Express Dairy Company.

*Mr. Lozzo Money.* I wonder what it feels like to be really hard up—to be in want of a good meat meal.

*Mr. Rockefeller.* I don't know. You see, I'm a vegetarian, and no ROCKEFELLER was ever stony. The wheels of life have with us been well oiled from the beginning.

*Lord Burnham.* Wealth certainly has its drawbacks, and it has its duties too.

*Sir Ernest Cassel.* Yes, indeed. Not only in life, but in death.

*Mr. C. A. Pearson.* In the case of the affectionate millionaire the prospect of translation to another and better world loses half its charm when he thinks of the extortions to which his heir will be subjected.

*Mr. Bradley Martin.* The so-called poor man does not know the misery of preparing for a fancy-dress ball.

*Sir Ernest Cassel.* The poor man and the rich man, however, I have noticed, meet on common ground much oftener than the hurried observer supposes. No matter how one tries, it is impossible to pay more than a penny for a box of matches.

*Lord Burnham.* Or for the *Daily Telegraph.*

*Mr. Bradley Martin.* I have done all I could to induce the firms to bring in a gold-tipped match, but without effect.

*Mr. Lozzo Money.* It is very difficult to pay more than twopence for a glass of beer.

*Mr. Pierpont Morgan.* Indeed? The beer industry must be looked into.

*Mr. Carnegie.* Many a Bank clerk on the income named has a larger store of

*Sir Ernest Cassel.* It comes to this, that if we except yachting, picture collecting, entertaining, deer-stalking, racing, owning newspapers, opera syndicates, and dining at the Carlton, the millionaire and the ordinary man have identical tastes.

*Mr. Bradley Martin.* In other words, after deducting the cost of such special expenses as appertain inseparably to the millionaire class, their expenditure is the same as that of the man in the street.

*Sir Ernest Cassel.* Yachting, for example, could not be given up by a millionaire any more than his extra supply of Saturday soap by a chimney sweep. It is a case of luxuries becoming necessities.

*Mr. Lozzo Money.* Even DIogenes, poorest of cynics, had his tub.

*Lord Burnham.* It is not as if it is any pleasure either to the millionaire to yacht or the sweep to wash. Seasickness is no respecter of Bank balances.

*Mr. C. A. Pearson.* Deer-stalking again is a fatiguing series of disappointments; yet we must do it.

*Sir Thomas Lipton.* There is no slave like the millionaire. For my part I feel the bondage so acutely that I make a point of never joining in "Rule Britannia."

*Mr. Pierpont Morgan.* She certainly doesn't rule the waves in the neighbourhood of Sandy Hook.

*Sir Ernest Cassel.* And the worst of it is, the millionaire, condemned by the iron laws of his class to do a number of things he does not care about, is debarred from the pleasures which he loves.

*Mr. Carnegie.* Ah yes, how true! I don't mind confessing that during the recent treasure-hunting craze I was filled with the desire to go out and find a disc. Not for £50, but for the fun of it.

*Mr. C. A. Pearson.* And did you?

*Mr. Carnegie.* No, I didn't dare. I might have been detected. Then what an outcry! I can see the headlines in the papers.

*Mr. C. A. Pearson.* Not in mine. *Noblesse oblige.*

*Sir Thomas Lipton.* The pit is the only part of a theatre that I really care for; yet I have to attend first-night performances in a box. There are lots of things one cannot see from a box.

*Mr. Bradley Martin.* I know a millionaire whose taste is wholly for chromolithographs; but his house is full of French impressionists.

*Mr. Pierpont Morgan.* That reminds me that an income such as that prescribed by the American incendiary who has brought us together (at, I may interpose, great inconvenience to myself) would seriously impede one's operations



*Customer (who has ordered a book).* "HAVE YOU GOT THE ENCYCLOPEDIA?"

*New Assistant.* "OH NO, SIR! IT'S NOTHING INFECTIOUS!"



### THE ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

*M.F.H. (who has had occasion to reprimand hard-riding stranger). "I'M AFRAID I USED RATHER STRONG LANGUAGE TO YOU JUST NOW."*  
*Stranger. "STRONG LANGUAGE? A MERE TWITTER, SIR. YOU SHOULD HEAR OUR MASTER!"*

at Christie's. We should be confined as collectors almost exclusively to the works of the early Victorian R.A.'s.

*Mr. Carnegie.* And no more MILTON manuscripts!

*Mr. Pearson.* Would not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autographs do as well? I have several.

*Lord Burnham.* What then, gentlemen, is our decision? Shall we reduce our incomes to £250 a year—which, by the way, is about the interest at three per cent. on the Nobel Prize money—or shall we make a sacrifice and go on as we are?

[On a vote being taken, the company decided to go on as they were.

### SPARKLETS FROM THE SPRINTERS' GAZETTE.

*Mental meat juice, stimulating and nutritious, distilled from the bulkiest brains of to-day.*

WATT HO!

No man was ever killed by reading a novel.—*Mr. A. P. Watt.*

### A NORTHERN LIGHT.

Without energy and will power we can effect nothing.—*Leo Tolstoi (specially translated for the Bristol East Anglian).*

### ACCURACY ABOVE ALL THINGS.

We must never forget that two and two make four.—*Sir Robert Giffen.*

### NEED OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mother wit, minus a scientific education, is like a battleship without armour plates.—*Sir Norman Lockyer.*

### THE PROPHETIC OF A PASSIVE REGISTER.

What will be the issue of the grave and reprehensible struggle that has just commenced between Russia and Japan no one can yet tell.—*Dr. Cliford, on Sunday, February 14.*

### WHAT A GREAT HUSTLER SAYS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

I consider that, next to the initiation of the Missing Word Competition, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's advocacy of Tariff Reform is the greatest event of modern times.—*Mr. C. A. Pearson.*

### A PEER'S DILEMMA.

I cannot say which affords me the more exquisite pleasure, to bring down the house by an effective exit or to break the bank at Monte Carlo.—*Lord Rosslyn.*

### THE DEARTH OF GENIUS.

There is only one great poet living, and he is no longer young. It is a sad truth that the height of perfection is the beginning of decay.—*Mr. Alfred Austin.*

### WHAT THE HISTORIAN OF THE MAMMOTH THINKS OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The vindictive treachery of the Duke in attempting to stab Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the back while holding up both his hands in sanctimonious horror, has fortunately no parallel in our political annals.—*Sir H. H. Howorth.*

### EQUINE INCONSISTENCY.

A child may succeed without undue difficulty in inducing a two-year-old filly to approach the tank, but not all the trainers in Arabia could force her to imbibe its liquid refreshment against her will.—*The Paddock.*

### THE LUMINOUS COMMENT OF A GREAT FINANCIER.

Directly we cross the frontier we may be said to set foot on foreign territory. An exception, however, must be made in the case of those who, like ourselves, live on an island.—*Lord Avebury.*